

Without A Pulse

Cruel Hand

You take the truth I know I speak
And make me think I lied
You take the life I lead
And make me think I died

It seems we're living just too well
Find a way to hurt ourselves

You find my faults and exploit them all
See sickness in my health
Infect the way I see the world
Infect the way I see myself

It seems we're living just too well
Find a way to hurt ourselves

We've won the right to lose
Take our chance, steal the proof
Take your time, steal that too
I live without a pulse to you